A DEPUTY CULPRIT

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.) Vigo-not the Spanish city of that name but Vigo of the coal mines in Harmony valley, Tennessee-had two daily events, the departure of the passenger train in the morning and its arrival at supper time.

To do honor to both of these, the Vigan corps de loisir was wont to gather in force on the station platform twice a day, and knowing this. Inspector Jaffray dropped from the farther side of the incoming train and beckoned to a man who stood in the shadow of a loaded coke car on the mine

"How are you, Layne? Let's get away from here before anybody recognizes me,' he said. "You got my letter?"

"I did so; hit come last night." "Good. I hope it won't put you out to take care of me."

"I reckon you know better'n that," said Layne, reproachfully. He was a Tennes-see farmer, in whom hospitality was in some sort a birthright, and Inspector Jaf-

fray was an old friend.

"I do know it, but it's one of those things a man says from force of habit. Have you seen Cantrell?"

"Yes; he'll be 'long up to the house after he's called the mail. I didn't tell him you all was comin'."

That was right." Layne led the way up to the mine shute, keeping behind the coal—and coke cars; and thence they skirted the village, reaching the farm house in its farther fringe without meeting any one. As a man the inspector was known throughout his district as a jovial companion, the best of story tellers, and an undisguised good felstory tellers, and an undisguised good fellow; but as an officer of the Post Office Department he was skillful to plan, quick Department he was skillful to plan, quick to execute, and a very beagle of the service in the secrecy of his methods and the rapidity of his movements. And it was as an officer that he came to Vigo on this September evering.

The litth mining town was the terminal station on the Long Mountain branch of the railway, and the distributing office for a bi-weekly mail route which included a

a bi-weekly mall route which included a half dozen villages in the upper end of the valley. Withir a month a number of valu-able letters and packages had been missing



He Carried the Pouch Back to the High Desk, Where a Young Girl Was Perched Upon a Stool.

on this route, and the inspector had come to Vigo to locate the leak-and having

to Vigo to locate the leak—and having found it to stop it.

Will Cantrell, the Vigo postmaster, met h'm at Layne's after supper, and the inspector was soon in possession of such information as Cantrell had to give.

"You say it's always money that's missing?" asked Jaffray, after the postmaster had told what he knew.

"Yes, mostly, but as far as we know, it began with a ring that John Corny ordered

began with a ring that John Corny ordered from Nashville for his girl. It came this far all right, because I mind seein' a little Iar all right, because I mind seein' a little package marked to John; but he says it nev' did re'ch h'm."

"What kind of a ring was it?"

"Plain gold was what he sent for; there was goin' to be a marryin'. I reckon."

"Where does Corny live?"

"Up in Loder's Cove; Graffville's his post office."

That's this side of the Gap, isn't it?" "No, it's on the far side, the way the route's carried. Ande'son goes up on this side o' the valley and comes back on the

pose. What do you know about him? good sort of a boy; son of old man Ande son up on Long Mountain. Does his work all right, far as I know, and I nev heard any-

thing against him."

The inspector nodded absently and began to make idle hieroglyphics with his peneil on the margin of a newspaper he had been reading. Cantrell waited patiently for the final question, and presently it came. "What is your theory about this thing.

postmaster tilted his chair and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "I don't know as I've got any, Mr. Jaffray. Seems like it's amongst half a dozen of us up here, and I reckon I'd better stand on a line with the rest till you find out who's doin' it. "But you find out who's doin' it."
"But you reported the thing yourself," said the inspector.
Cantrell smiled. "Ye-es, but a heap bigger fool than I am might 'ye thought o' doin' that."

That's so; we'll keep you in mind as one

"That's so; we'll keep you in mind as one of the possibles," said the inspector; but he laughed in a way to set Cantrell's mind at rest upon that score. Then, with a sudden return to the business of the moment—"Let's see; tomorrow is the regular mail day. I suppose you have the pouch Anderson carries?"

Yes, it's down at the store." Get your hat and we'll go down and have

a look at it."

They went out together and stumbled along the rocky road through a half mile of inky darkness to the country store. Cantrell admitted his companion, struck a light and found the pouch. It was old and well worn, and the inspector pointed out a small hole frayed through one of the creases in the leather. Why haven't you reported this?" he

"I have; I've kicked about it till I'm plum tired. You know the supplies for the route are ordered by Godfrey, at the Gap, and I've sent word to him by Lafe half a dozen

mes."

Jaffray threw the pouch under the couner. "That's the leak," he said, briefly.

Jaffray threw the pouch under the counter. "That's the leak," he said, briefly. "Good night."

And the next morning, when Farmer Layne would have called his guest to breakfast, the porch bed room was empty. At half-past 8 the same morning young Anderson rode up to the porch in front of Cantrell Brothers' store, threw the lean mail pouch across his saddle, and set out whistling upon his twenty-three-mile ride to the Gap. He was a handsome young fellow, as the mountain youth gc, which is to say that he was not leaner than was cersistent with grace and suppleness; that his face had not yet taken on the expression of settled melancholy which seems to be the heritage of the mountain folk, men and women, and that his eye was bright and feariess, and his laugh had the ring in it which is supposed to vouch for a light heart and a clear conscience. If Inspector Jaffray, being endowed with the gift of invisibility, could have ridden beside the mail carrier through the September forenoon, he would have seen nothing amiss. At Bray's Flat, at Powderville, and again at Long Mountain. Anderson kept well within the letter of his instructions, handing the locked pouch to the postmaster, and lounging about in front of the store until it was brought out to him again. At the Gap, however, which was the end of his route for the day, he hitched his until it was brought out to him again. At the Gap, however, which was the end of his route for the day, he hitched his horse before the largest of the three stores, and carried the pouch back to the high desk, where a young girl was perched upon a stool, kritting her brows over a dog's-eared account book.

"Howdy, Lafe?" she said, getting down to open the pouch.

"Purty tolerble. Whar's you-un's paw?" I'don't know; down to Lukens's, I reckon."

She pulled the strap through the staples, and, dumping the mail on the counter, began to call it off to the group of expectant loungers and town's people, keeping up a desultory conversation with the mill cardesultory conversation with the mill car-rier at the same time.

Doc. Parks-Many Golfin-John Trevorwhat-all news is there down at

"Nothin' much, not as I heerd." "You'd nev' hear anything, nohow—Jeff Greer-Eph Sanders—here's a letter for you—all, Eph—hawss gone lame, Lafe?"
"No; why?"

"Thought you—all seemed sort o' tired—
Bud Gordon—Wiley Pryor—"

Lafe straightened up, and then thought better of it, resuming his lounging position on the counter because it brought him nearer to her. She went on calling 'he names, and he watched her dexterous fingers juggling the letters, and stole occasional glances under the brim of his soft hat at her face. It was a face for which the language provides no adjective. "Pretty" is too trivial; "beautiful" is too fine. It was a face on which strength of character was written very legibly, and yet without marring its womanly attractiveness. Dark eyes, that mocked oftener than they caressed; finely penciled brows; provides in the language provides no defener than they caressed; finely penciled brows; provides the situation; and the inspector and his prisoner had the front porch to themselves. Jaffray said litting his chair against the side of the house and shrouding himself in clouds of smoke, while Lafe told of his life on Long of Willie Godfrey; of the young girl's loyalty, and of her father's contempt for the son of a mountaineer. "The valley the them, though I reckon they ain't no law 'g'isnt hit," he said, in explanation; and Jaffray agreed with him.

When Layne was away, and the inspector and his prisoner had the front porch to themselves. Jaffray said litting his chair against the side of the house and shrouding himself in clouds of smoke, while Lafe told of his life on Long of Willie Godfrey; of the young girl's loyalty, and of her father's contempt for the son of a mountaineer. "The valley folks don't marry with we-uns, n'r we-uns with them, though I reckon they ain't no law 'g'isnt hit," he said, in explanation; and Jaffray agreed with him. ness. Dark eyes, that mocked oftener than they caressed; finely penciled brows; masses of dark hair, gathered back into a heavy knot, which was transfixed by a lead pencil; a nose that would have been pert without the correcting suggestion of firmness about the mouth and chin; a young woman who would rise to her opportunities, one would say, adding the saving clause that she would probably never miss them if they should happen to pass by on the other side.

the other side.

When the last of the expectant ones had When the last of the expectant ones had gone, Lafe asked: "Have ye told you—un's paw, yet, Willie?"
"No-o. Seems like you're in a powerful hurry, Lafe."
"Reckon I have to be; don't I?"

was relocking the pouch when a farmer drove up and came in with a letter in his hand.

"Hold up a minute, Mr. Johnson—got a

letter to go in thar, an' I reckon it'll have to be registered. "Cayn't take it now, nohow-mail's all

"Cayn't take it now, nohow-mail's all ready to go."

"Shucks!" said the farmer, mopping his face with a bandana, "done druv fo' mile to get that thar letter off this mornin'; hit's got ten dollars in for that feller that sold me the mowin' machine, an' I 'lowed to him he could count on hit shore today."

"Cayn't he'p it, Mr. Kilgore; like mighty well to do you all a force."

soid me the mowin' machine, an' I 'lowed to him he could count on hit shore today."

"Cayn't he'p it, Mr. Kilgore; like mighty well to do you all a favor, but I cayn't hold the mall to register no letters now. Orders is mighty strict."

Then Lafe spoke up. "Thess put hit in with the rest of 'em," he suggested; "might' nigh ever'body does that-a-way."

Then Lafe spoke up. "Thess put hit in with the rest of 'em," he suggested; "might' nigh ever'body does that-a-way."

The farmer hesitated for a moment and then concluded to risk it, and five minutes later Anderson was once more jogging on his way to Vigo.

There was the usual crowd of loafers in the Cantrell Brothers' store when the mail carrier rode up to the porch and dismounted on the high platform. Throwing the bridle to his ten-year-old brother, and giving the pouch to Will Cantrell. Lafe edged his way into the group of loungers to distribute his budget of up-valley gossip. Cantrell went behind the counter and disappeared beyond the low partition which fenced off a sleeping room in the end of the building. Behind the partition Inspector Jaffray was smoking a cigar, sitting with his chair tilted back at a comfortable angle against the wall; but he came out of his listlessness with a jerk when Cantrell entered with the mail pouch.

"Open it quick—right here, he commanded; and in a moment he had scaned the address on every letter in the small heap.

"It's gone—I knew it would be. Slip out quietly and send your brother back here."

When Bud Cantrell came in the inspector handed him a \$10 bill. "Go into the crowd out there and ask if any one can change it. Give Anderson a chance to do it if he will."

Cantrell came back almost immediately and gave the inspector four bank notes. There were two twos, a one and a five, and Jaffray glanced at the numbers before putting the money into his pocket.

"He's our man," he said quietly. "Go and talk to him and take him to the doer with

"That's this side of the Gap, isn'th:
"No, it's on the far side, the way the oute's carried. Ande'son goes up on this de o' the valley and comes back on the ther—makes a circuit."
"Humph! Anderson's the carrier, I sup"Humph! Anderson's the carrier, I sup"What do you know about him?"

stand? Cantrell nodded and sauntered back into the store. "Want to see you a minute, Lafe," he said linking his arm in that of the mail carrier and leading him toward the front loor. On the step Cantrell saw the door. On the step Cantrell saw the inspec-tor over Lafe's shoulder and obeyed his in-structions literally. There was a fierce struggle, like that of an unbroken horse when he first feels the weight of a man on his back, and ending in the ratchet-like click of the handcuffs, and then the prison-er relapsed quickly into quietude and sul-lenness

lenness.

Jaffray spoke to Cantrell. "I want you to come with me. We'll take him up to Layne's for the night."

Lafe suffered himself to be walked away between them, and no word was spoken until they reached the porch of the farm house. There the inspector placed three chairs and sat down to question his prisoner.

er.
"You may as well make a clean breast of it, my boy," he said, after Lafe had sulkily tesisted for a time. "It'll go easier with you in the end, and I'll do what I can to get your sentence shortened if you'll op your head and tell us all about it."

In the silence that followed this appeal there was a rustling in the laurel bush at the end of the porch and Jaffray got up to investigate. He came back in a moment, apparently satisfied, but this was because e failed to see little Joe Anderson ing under the drooping branches of the

"You'd better open up, Anderson," he repeated. "We've got all the evidence we need, but as I say, I'll do all I can to help you if you'll tell us the whole story Whereupon, being something less than a hardened criminal, the young mountaineer troke down

"I don't keer much what-all ye do with me, 's long as ye git me out o' here 'fore pap 'r-' Willie Godfrey fin's out," he said. "I reckon she'd say things 'at I nev' could forgit. Hit all commence' with that thar ring o' John Corny's. Ye see, I done ast Willie, an' I was a wonderin' which-a-way I could git a ring when that thar little box dropped out thoo the hole in the mail bag. I knowed what hit was, caze John he 'lowed to me he was a-lookin' for hit. I didn't 'low to keep hit, an' I on'y opened the box to see what-for kind o' ring hit was; but that thar ve'ry evenin' I slipped hit on Willie's finger, thess in fun, an' she 'lowed I "I don't keer much what-all ve do with lie's finger, thess in fun, an' she 'lowed I done meant hit to be her'n."

one meant hit to be her'n."

The sweat stood thickiy on his forehead and he tried to get his manaeled hands around to his pocket for a handkerchief. Jaffray helped him and said: "Well, what then?"

"Then I didn't have sense enough to tell her the straight of hit, an' after that the fence seem' sort o' broke down, an'-an' they's been other things come out thoo that

they's been other things come out thoo that hole-money, mostly."
"How much?" asked the inspector.
"Bout \$65, countin' hit all, I reckon. Youuns' Il find it under the chimley stone in the
room up at Ma'am Wilkeson's, whar I been
slearly." "I see; you were afraid to spend it, I sup

Lafe hung his head. "I nev' thort much about bein' afraid; I was savin' hit 'g'inst the time when Willie'd let on like she was

ready."

"Oh"—Inspector Jaffray went into a brown study, coming out of it presently to say to Cantrell: "You can go now, Bud, if you want to; I can take care of him all right. I only wanted you to hear what he had to say for himself."

Cantrell went back to the store, where he found little Joe Anderson trying to climb found little Joe Anderson trying to climb is place. What do you care as long as

found little Joe Anderson trying to climb into his brother's saddle. The boy had been crying and his face was streaked with dirt and tears.

"Mighty tough, ain't it, Joey?" said Cantrell, lifting the boy to the horse's back.

"What-all was you 'lowin' to do with the hawss?"

hawss? "I thess gwine take him home," said the small one, gathering up the reins and wriggling his bare feet into the stirrup leathers; but Cantrell noticed that instead of turning off up the lane to Ma'am Wilkeson's, the child kept the road toward the Gap, urging the horse into a gallop as soon as he was over the rocky billide beyond as he was over the rocky hillside beyond Layne's.

Inspector Jaffray's guard duties during and go home before I get angry and say the remainder of the afternoon were of a things I'll be sorry for,"

the son of a mountaineer. "The valley folks don't marry with we-uns, n'r we-uns with them, though I reckon they ain't no law 'g'isnt hit," he said,in explanation; and Jaffray agreed with him.

When Layne came home a few words explained the situation; and the farmer's hosnitality was proad enough to cover yet.

When Layne came home a few words explained the situation; and the farmer's hospitality was broad enough to cover, not only his friend's friend, but in this case his friend's prisoner. The inspector unmanacled Lafe when they went in to supper, but he put the handcuffs on again afterward; and when the early bed-time of the family came, he led the young mountaineer into the porch bed room, and took the additional precaution of snapping another set of irons on his ankles.

"Not very pleasant for you, my boy," he said, "but I can't help it; I mustn't give you a chance to slip through my fingers."

After which the inspector went back to his chair on the porch, where he smoked many cigars and communed with nimself for want of a better listener. Once his reflections slipped into speech: "It all goes back to the same thing in the end. We've got no manner of right to take a man who has never been taught the lesson of responsibility and put him in a place where he has to rub up against temptation every day. That's the long and short of it. Just the same, I wish I might have given this youngster a shock without catching him. That might have been the making of him, but this is going to ruin him, world without end."

At 10 o'clock the inspector had serious thoughts of turning in, but before the inclination gathered force enough to overcome the inertia of the tilted chair, there came a clattering of a horse's hoofs on the loose shingle of the Gap road. The rider "No-o. Seems like you're in a powerful hurry, Lafe."
"Reckon I have to be; don't I?"
She twisted the ring on her finger and smiled down upon him. "There's plenty of time"—then, suddenly—"Where did you—all get this, get this ring, Lafe?"
"Bobght hit, of course; whar did ye low I got hit?"
"I didn't know; I was just thinking of John Corny and Annie Hester. He lowed to get her a ring, and says he sent to naw Annie, she don't believe he ever meant to get it, and she won't so much as say 'Howdy' to him. Didn't you all hear about it down at Graffville?"
"Lafe's lips said no, but he looked up into her eyes and changed it to yes. Then some one came in and there was no more said about John Corny or his ring.
The dew was still on the grass the following morning when Lafe called at Godfrey's store for the mail pouch. The girl brought it out to him.
"Lookout you all don't fall off the paw before Friday."
"I wisht ye would. Willie; seem' like tayn't look him in the face no mo' till yed to. He wouldn't take nothin' from me, but he'll listen at you."
"I wisht ye would. Willie; seem' like tayn't look him in the face no mo' till yed to. He wouldn't take nothin' from me, but he'll listen at you."
"Maybe," was all she would say, but she stood on the porch and watched him as long as he was in sight.
Graffville was the first office on the return route, and when the carrier went in with the mall the postmaster was busy. When he got around to the government's business he made a show of hurrying. He was relocking the pouch when a farmer drove up and came in with a letter in his hand.

In another moment she stood before him,

In another moment she stood before him, and, though the cigar was burning well enough, he made it the excuse to strike another match, in the brief flare of which he got a glimpse of a pair of flashing eyes, set in a face whereon grief and resolution fought for the mastery.

"You're Mr. Jaffray, ain't you?" she began

gan.
"Yes; and you are Willie Godfrey. Sit

own, Miss Godfrey."

She dropped into a chair as if thankful for the permission. "I reckon you know what I've come for; I heard you-all had taken Lafe Anderson for robbing the mail,

and—"
"Pardon me, Miss Godfrey," interrupted the inspector; "how did you find that out?"
"Bad news don't wait for an ox team. I heard about it, and I've come twenty-three miles on that hawss to keep you-all from carrying an innocent man to jail. Lafe nev' did take anything that didn't belong to him Mr. Jaffray."

The inspector smoked in silence for a full

minute. "Supposing I were to tell you that he has confessed."

he has confessed.
"It don't make any difference; he ain't the thief."
"Then why should he say he was?"
"Cayn't you see? He just told you a heap of lies to cover up the real one."
"And who is the real one, Miss Godfrey?"

It was well for the girl's peace of mind hat she could not see

It was well for the girl's peace of mind that she could not see the meffaceable smile that stole over the face of the inspector at this, but there was no hint of levity in his voice when he said: "Tell me all about it, Miss Willie."

She held out her nand and dropped a ring into his palm. "That's John Corny's," she said. "I took it out of the mail myself.

she said. "I took it out of the half myself.
And I've taken other things-letters with
money in them."
"What did you do with the money?"
"I-I gave it to Lafe to keep for me."
"And what did he do with it?"
"I don't know; I nev' asked him."
"Did he know where you gat it."

"I don't know, I nev asker mm.
"Did he know where you got it?"
The questions followed each other too rapidly, and the girl caught her breath and fought for consistency. Being naturally truthful, she hedged in the wrong place. "He—he sort of suspected it, I reckon."
"Being an honest fellow himself, I wonder he din't try to stop you."

"Being an honest fellow himself, I wonder he didn't try to stop you."
."You wouldn't say that if you knew.
You see, Lafe and me—that is—well, he
thinks a mighty sight of me, Mr. Jaffray."
"That's so; I'd lost sight of that for the
moment," said the inspector gravely; then
he sprung an innocent little trap that had
been gradually taking snape in his mind.

oeen gradually taking shape in his mind.
"Now, that clears up some things I couldn't quite understand. I wonder what Lafe did with the money."

The girl was too new to the business of quivocation and she promptly betrayed herself. "He put it under the hearth stone at Ma'am Wilkeson's,"—she began, and hen she saw the trap.

at Ma'am wilkeson's, —she began, and then she saw the trap.

"Ah, I see," said the inspector; "of course, this is merely supposition on your part, sirce he never spoke to you about hiding the money." He smiled under cover of the darkness. It was transparently clear now, all save one particular detail; how did it happen that the girl knew Anderson's confession word for word?

fession word for word?

Jaffray was puzzled for a moment and

then there flashed across the field of recol-

ection the rustling in the laurel bush and the picture of a bare-legged boy galloping northward on Anderson's horse. Having thus solved the puzzle, he asked quietly: "What is it you want me to do, Miss God-

frey?"
"It seems to me like there ain't but one

"It seems to me like there ain't but one thing to do. Lafe hain't done anything, and-and I have. Cayn't you-all just turn him loose and take me instead?"

The finspector fought a good fight for self-control and lost it. "By God, young woman, he isn't worth it!" he burst out but she put her hand on his arm and straightway forgot her part.

"Oh, yes indeed he is, Mr. Jaffray; you don't know Lafe, and you nev' can know how much I—I love him! Cayn't you take me?"

me?"
"No," said the inspector roughly, driven

to the last resert of the sorely tempted; "you go back home and I'll see what can be done toward getting him off easy—no.

such a little, little thing—just to let me go in his place. What do you care as long as you get somebody to own up to everything

"Get up, Miss Godfrey." he said sternly. I repeat, you don't know what you ask. The law is not to be set aside or tampered with almost beauty because its more horse.

ith simply because its workings happen to hurt some of us."

to hurt some of us."
"Oh, no, it isn't that," she went on, unmindful of his command. "I don't mind
the hurt only for Lafe's sake. It'll kill
him, Mr. Jaffray, it'll spoil his whole life,
and I reckon the law don't mean to be that
hard. Oh, please, take me and let him go,
won't you?"

"No, I tell you once for all. Now get up

She felt herself refused and dismissed and she rose trembling, "Cayn't I see Lafe—just for a minute?" she pleaded.
"No; I can't allow even that."
She went down the steps slowly and with evident reluctance, turning on the last one to ask softly: "Where is he now, Mr. Jaffray?"

How the Telephone of the Future

ning away."
Anderson larghed mirthlessly. "I couldn't do much with these here on," he said, hold-

fray could see nothing in the thick dark

'Now climb out of that window-no, hold

Now chins out of that window—no, hold on till I take the irons off; I don't want the name of having shot a handcuffed man. Now, then, out with you."

Lafe climbed out and dropped to the ground. Then he took a deep breath of the free night air and began to realize dimly that it was going to be head of the state of th

that it was going to be hard to die in the full flush of youth and health. None the less, he turned quickly and faced the inspector, who stood with cocked pistol at the open window. "I'm ready," he said, firmly."

rmly. Jaffray snorted. "Run, you damned fool!

Jaffray snorted. "Run, you damned fco!! Do you suppose I'm going to commit a cold-blooded murder and shoot you standing."

Lafe hesitated a moment, as if in doubt as to whether he had heard aright; then he turned and walked slowly away. At the third step the pistol barked thrice, and Layne's dog, chained in the barnyard, set up a sympathetic howl. After that all was still until the farmer came hurrying to the porch bed room with a light. The inspector was standing at the window peering out into the darkness, and he put back his hand for silence. Layne heard rapid footfalls as of some one running over the dry leaves in

of some one running over the dry leaves in the grove; then there was a glad little cry and the impatient shough of a horse, quickly followed by a diminishing clatter of hoofs and silence.

"Layne, he's gone, and I'd be willing to bet a hen worth fifty delices the little of the silence of th

bet a hen worth fifty dollars that I never so much as winged him," said the inspector

"How d' you reckon he got loose?" asked

the farmer, excitedly.

Jaffray heid up the locked handcuffs.

"You can see for yourself: I got here just in time to hurry him a little."

Layne put the lamp down to examine the fetters. "By Jacks! I wouldn't have believed it; but then Lafe's hands nev' was no bigger than a woman's. Shall I saddle the hawses?"

"To chase him tonight?—not much. I'll know where to find him when.

"To chase him tonight?—not much. I'll know where to find him when I want him. Go you back to bed and tell the women there's robody killed. And say, Layne; when this thing gets itself taiked about just tell the facts as you know them. Good

night."
The next morning Layne looked to see

The next morning Layne looked to see the chase organized in due form, but he was disappointed. Inspector Jaffray ate his breakfast leisurely, never once referring to the events of the night, and afterward took the train south. The farmer wondered at this lock of zeal until he went around behind the porch bed room and saw three bullet scars on the brick walk under the window.

"Well, by Jacks," was all he said at the

time; but later in the day he went down to the Cantrell boys store and lied to the corps de loisir until Inspector Jaffray's rep-

utation for daring bravery was second only to that of Buck Brannan, the revenue col-

lector, whose deeds but they are recorded

The Dangers of the Hammock.

From the Detroit News;
"Yes, I paid \$6 for that hammock last

spring," observed a resident of Cass avenue

as he surveyed a fraged and tangled mass of

strings. "My wife got some steamer chairs and we were going to live on the lawn this summer. The first day little Jimmie fell out of it and broke his arm. Then my wife got her foot caught in a mesh and sprained

her ankle, so that she was laid up three weeks. I broke my watch chain in it twice and lost a diamond charm the second time. There's a record for you."

"That is pretty tough."

"Yes; but that isn't the worst of it. That ble med hommonk, was the cause of my

blamed hammock was the cause of my daughter marrying a blamed chump of a divinity student, who depends upon Provi-dence ard a rich aunt for support. I ain't as much stuck on hammocks as I was last

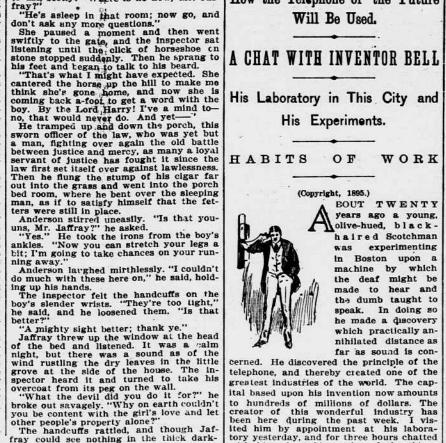
ARE YOU LOW-SPIRITED?

Worry is worse than work—makes a man sick quicker. Worry comes largely from nervousness. Horsford's Acid Phosphate clears the brain and

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

BEFORE HE COULD STRETCH OUT HIS HAND TO PREVENT IT, SHE WENT DOWN ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIS CHAIR."

fray?"
"He's asleep in that room; now go, and Will Be Used.



machine by which the deaf might be made to hear and the dumb taught to speak. In doing so he made a discovery which practically annihilated distance as

far as sound is con-cerned. He discovered the principle of the telephone, and thereby created one of the greatest industries of the world. The capital based upon his invention now amount to hundreds of millions of dollars. The creator of this wonderful industry has been here during the past week. I visited him by appointment at his laboratory yesterday, and for three hours chatted with him about his work and the things concerning which he knows more, perhaps, than any other man in the world. I refer to Alexander Graham Bell, one of the best to Alexander Graham Bell, one of the best-known and least-known men of the United States. He is best known because every one has heard of him as the inventor of the telephone. He is least known because he seldom talks for the newspapers, be-cause it is impossible to get him to write an article for the magazines, and because an article for the magazines, and because his modesty and retiring disposition are such that he does not let the world know of the great work in invention and science that he is constantly carrying on, only a little of which now and then filters out through the patent office, or in his letters to the great scientific societies of the world.

The Volta Bureau.

My appointment was to meet him at the Volta Bareau. How many of you have ever heard of it? It is the greatest insticution in the world as regards the scientific study of the deaf. What the Smithsonian Institution is to general science the Volta Bureau is to the science of the deaf. It contains the most complete library upon the United States is more complete and the United States is more complete and more valuable than any other such collection in the world. Here are to be found the deductions and the experiments made by Mr. Bell, which have so benefited these unfortunate people. He has shown how to make the dumb speak and the deaf hear, and this bureau was founded by him for the furtherance of this science. It is located in Georgetown about a mile and the furtherance of this science. It is located in Georgetown, about a mile and a half from the White House. It is a two-story building of Milwaukee brick and stone, about 50 feet wide by 100 feet long. It has a flat roof, and its architecture makes you think of the houses of Pompeii. It is fireproof, and in its basement for the time is stored Mr. Bell's scientific library, which came so near being burned when the fire broke out in what is now ex-vice President Morton's house on Scott Circle, but which at that time belonged to Mr. Bell.

ness, he knew that the boy was trying to cover his face with his hands.

"'Cause I didn't have no better sense, I reckon"—the inspector heard something like a sob, and then the boy went on. "I wish to God you'd these put me out o' my mis'ry, Cap'n Jaffray!"

"How?"

"Aniy ways—I' don't keer how. These lemme git outside, an' then ye can make out like I was a-tryin' to git away, an' turn loose on me with you-un's gun."

"And you'd rather die than stand trial?"

"For shore I would—for Willie's sake; hit wouldn't be nigh as hard on her."

"Lord, Lord," groaned the inspector behind his teeth, "did anybody ever hear of two such young fools!"—then to Anderson—"You mean that, do you?" The story of how Mr. Bell founded this bureau is an interesting one. Connected with it came the invention of the graphophone, which the courts have lately decided has priority rights over the inventions which make Edison's phonograph now

wouldn't be nigh as hard on her."

"Lord, Lord," groaned the inspector behind his teeth, "did anybody ever hear of two such young fools!"—then to Anderson
—"You mean that, do you?"

"Fore God, I do, Cap'n Jaffray; thess you try me an' see."

"Then as the Lord liveth you shall have your choice," said the irspector, solemnly.

"Get up."

Anderson obeyed.

"Now climb out of that window—no hold."

which make Edison's phonograph now practical. It 'llustrates one side of Mr. Bell's character; that of his love for science, and also his desire not to take anything unless he can give something in return. He told me the story.

"The Volta Bureau." said he, "is the outcome of the Volta prize. Napoleon Bonaparte founded this prize when he was Emperor of France in the honor of Volta, the Italian, who invented the voltate battery and other things in electricity. It consisted of 50.000 by the French government on occasion to any one deemed worthy of it as having in wented something for the benefit of humanity. It has been awarded only three or four times since Napoleon founded it, and it was voted to me on account of the telephone. It came when the telephone was already a success, and had made me financially independent. These receiving the cially independent. Upon receiving the money, I decided to donate it to the improvement of the deaf, and I did it in this grovement of the deal, and I do It in this way. I had associated with me Mr. Charles Sumner Tainter and my cousin, Mr. Chichester Bell, who is also an inventor. I proposed to them that we take the money and establish a laboratory, each of us putand establish a laboratory, each of us put-ting in our own labor as a part of the cap-ital stock, and the Volta prize to be a fourth part of the company, and to be used as a working fund. With this we were to establish a laboratory with the understand-ing that in it each of use should devote a part of our time to our special hobby in the way of invention, and at the same time we would work together on some one invention, which would be commercially profitable which would be commercially profitable. This was agreed to, and we went to work. My hobby was the study of the deaf, Mr. Tainter had an invention in optics which he was trying to perfect, the exact nature of which I do not feel at liberty to give, and Mr. Chichestek Bell was working on his wonderful experiments in regard to record. wonderful experiments in regard to record wonderful experiments in regard to record-ing speech by means of photographing the vibrations of a jet of water. We looked about for some time for the subject of the invention that was to pay the bills, and concluded to take up and develop the pho-negraph. The idea had been originated by Mr. Edison, and he had produced a little tinfoil phonograph, which was a screech-lar squesking toy but of no practical tinfoil phonograph, which was a screeching, squeaking toy, but of no practical value. The needle made the indentations on the tinfoil, and these were llable to be bulged upon or erased. The result of our work was the invention of the graphophone, by which the record of the sound was cut into a cylinder of wax and a permanent impression made. After we had made the discovery we attempted to form a combination covery, we attempted to form a combination with the company owning the Edison patents but Mr. Edison to a certain extent repudiated their claims, and we organized a company independent of them. There is no doubt in my mind of the value of our patents, and I expect to see the graphophone go into general use. Well, we organized a company, and I sold the stock represented by the Volta prize for \$100,000. \$25,000 of this I gave to the American Society for Teaching Speech to the Deaf, and with the remainder I established the Volta Bureau." every, we attempted to form a combination

Telephone Bell's Labratory. This conversation took place while Mr. Bell and myself were walking together through the libraries of the Volta Bureau. After the above remarks he went on:

"But perhaps you would like to see the place where the Volta Bureau originated.

place where the Volta Bureau originated. I will take you where no newspaper man has ever been before. We will make a visit to my laboratory."

He then led the way out of the bureau. We crossed the street and stopped at the back of the lot on the opposite corner before a little red brick building of two stories, not more than forty feet square, and looking for all the world like a stable. "This," said Mr. Bell, "is my laboratory. It was my father's stable, and we have turned it into a workshop. Here I have made a great many experiments of late years, and in it I have all of my models." We entered, and, passing through a workyears, and in it I have all of my models."
We entered, and, passing through a workshop containing benches and machinery,
came into a large room walled with shelves,
filled with models and instruments of all
kinds, and reminding me much of one of
the model rooms of the patent office. In
the center, filling up nearly the whole
floor, was what at first sight seemed to be
model of a new threshing machine. It a model of a new threshing machine. It was at least 100 feet long, and had a wide inclined plane running up into the air at an angle of forty-five degrees. I asked what it was, and was told that it was a type-setting machine for the instruction of the deaf—a sort of a line-type, as it were. the deaf—a sort of a lino-type, as it were, to be used in deaf schools, by which words could be put upon a blackboard and the letters distributed again. On the shelves

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

the very first invention he had ever made. "As to the first question I can't answer, but here is a part of what I suppose to be my first invention," replied Mr. Bell, as he took down from a hook a kind of a cross between a rat trap and a human jaw made in the shape of a mouth of what appeared to be shoemaker's wax and rubber, or coft leather. It had rubber lips, which opened and shut, and the jaws were hinged like those of a man. "This," continued Mr. Bell, "is my first attempt at a speaking machine. When I was a little boy my father took myself and brothers to see an automaten which-uttered some words, and when we came back he offered a prize to the one of us who could invent a machine that could speak. I made the instrument of which this is a part, and I succeeded in making it say some words. We were living in Edinburgh at the time, in one of those Scotch flats in which each family has a floor, with a common hall. When I had completed the machine we took it out into the hall one day and made it cry "Mamma." It made a noise much like that of a baby, and the other families in the flat ran out and asked where the baby was that was crying. I remember this delighted us very much."

Teaching School at \$50 a Year. in the shape of a mouth of what appeared

Teaching School at \$50 a Year. "Your attention was turned very early to matters connected with speech and speech transmission, was it not?"

"Yes; my father was noted as having considerable knowledge of matters connected with elocution, He knew all about the physiological production of sound, and I was brought up, as it were, in an atmosphere of sound-investigation. I was educated at the High School in Edinburgh, and spent a year at the university there, but my attention was early attracted to elocutionary studies, and I earned my first money as a teacher. I went out to teach when I was in my teens, and I received at first £10, or \$50, a year and my board. Later on I got £70, or \$550, a year as teacher of elocution and music. This was before I was twenty, and at that time I devoted a great deal of attention to music. I used to compose, and one of my early dreams was that I might become one of the great composers of the world."

"How about your musical compositions, Mr. Bell? Were they of real value?"

"I don't know about that," was the reply, with a laugh. "I suppose not, but they seemed of great value to me at that time."

Great Scientific Discovery. but my attention was early attracted to

Great Scientific Discovery. "I suppose your work in music helped

you toward the invention of the tele-"It may have done so," was the reply, "as I worked for a long time attempting to transmit musical sounds. When I was about sixteen I discovered what was to me a wonderful physiological fact, and that was that each of the vowel sounds has a different pitch, which is formed by the change in the size of the cavity in the change in the size of the cavity in the mouth in making them, and not by what are popularly known as the vocal organs. I found that I could produce a similar pitch in the taps upon a pencil laid against my lips and tapped while changing the cavity of my mouth, as you do when making the vowels. You can, in fact, play a tune in this way. You can do the same with a pencil laid upon your throat, but with a pencil laid upon your throat, but here the sounds are reversed. I was much excited by this discovery, and I wrote the facts regarding it to Sir Alexander Ellis, a elebrated English authority on phonetics

celebrated English authority on phonetics and mathematics, and received a request to call upon him when I came to London. I did so, and when I met him he told me that my discovery had been made only a short time before by Helmholtz, the famous German scientist, who died last year, and that he had written a book on the subject. This was in German, which I could not well read. Sir Alexander Eliis told me about it, however, and gave me to understand that by means of vibrating metal, a tuning fork perhaps, and electricity, Helmalts had sometimed sounds. I understood holtz had reproduced sounds. I understood from him that he had been able to transfrom him that he had been able to transmit these sounds by electricity. In this I was mistaken, and it may have been from my misconception that I was thus early made ready for the idea of the telephone. I had accustomed my mind to the fact that yowel sounds had been transmitted, and if yowel sounds, why not the consonants? It was while endeavoring to transmit musical sounds by electricity many years af-terwards, you know, that I arrived at the discovery.

Telegraph to the Telephone "Had you devoted much time to electri-

city before this?" "No," replied Mr. Bell. "I knew absolutely nothing about electricity, and it was to carry out my investigations of this question that I began to study it. I commenced with telegraphy and learned to telegraph. I had a friend at school who was interested in electricity, and we worked together. Later on, while teaching school near London, I had among my pupils one young man whom I was trying to cure of stammering. I gave him one of the instruments and prac-I gave him, one of the instruments and practiced my telegraphy on him. All this time I was studying and teaching the physiology of the voice. I had this knowledge of the different pitch of the vowels, and as I carried on my experiments with the telegraph the idea came to me of multiplex telephony. I thought that signals of different pitch might be used in telegraphing, and in these the sounds in one pitch could be arranged so that they would not conflict with those on another pitch, and thus a number of messages could be sent over the same wire

From Life,

in the walls at the left were perhaps fifty models of telephones, and among them the first one that Mr. Bell ever made. It consisted of two telephones, as it were, and was exceedingly clumsy in appearance. Beyond this were scores of cylinders used in the experiments upon the graphophone, little bottles of silenium, containing, Mr. Bell told me, the largest quantity of this almost invaluable material in existence in the world today, and which he used in his experiments of telephoning without wires along the beams of a ray of light. There were many scientific instruments, inventions illustrating new and yet unexplained theories as to the property of matter originated by Mr. Bell, and, in short, so many different things that the mere mention of them would fill a page of this newspaper.

Telephone Bell's First Invention.

As we looked at the original telephone, I asked Mr. Bell if he could remember the time when he first realized that he had inventive power, and if he had a model of the very first invention he had ever made.

"As to the first question I can't answer."

Working With a Dead Man's Ear.

"I made all sorts of experiments at this time in testing such matters, and in my investigations I wanted a diaphram as near like the human ear as possible. One day, in talking about this to Dr. Terrence Blake of Boston, he remarked, 'Why not use the ear itself?" I said that that would suit me exactly, but asked him where I could get a man who would give me his ear and how I could possibly keep it in good condition after I had gotten it. He replied that he would get me one, and shortly after that I received from him a human ear cut from a dead subject, and so treated that I was able to study it and use it in my experiments. This was of great value to me."

"Have there been many improvements in the telephone since your original invention?"

"No." replied Mr. Bell. "There have not. The principle of the telephone is unchanged. There have been many improvements, but they have been in the line of transmitters and receivers, and things connected with the telephone. As to the machine itself and its fundamental principles, it is about the same as when it was first made." exactly, but asked him where I could get

Telephoning Without Wires.

"Will we ever be able to telephone without wires?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bell; "I think so, though the distance may be limited. I remember some experiments that I made one day in a field near New Haven, Conn. We had about fifty feet of wire stretched be-tween two pokers, which we had driven into the ground and had attached a battery to them. I put the receiver to my ear, when I heard the sound of a clock ticking. There was neither clock nor watch at the other end of the wire, and by listening to the ticking, I recognized that it was the ticking of the University electric clock at least half a mile off. By this clock a number of the clocks of the city were regulated, and the sound had evidently traveled from these wires to the batteries connected with our pokers, and that for a long distance without actual wire connection. I think that our great steamers, by means of the heavy dynamos, which they carry, could telephone each other on the sea when miles apart, and I have no doubt that we will in the future be able to telephone for limited distances without wires."

"How about telephonic cables? Will we ever be able to talk across the ocean?"

"It may be, but there are difficulties there which have yet to be overcome. These will have never made much investigation into the ground and had attached a bat-

has the cables at hand to experiment with. I have never made much along these lines,"

While in the laboratory I picked up from one of the shelves a piece of pine board about half an inch thick and eight inches square, out of the center of which extended a speaking tube, which apparently rested a speaking tube, which apparently rest-ed against a thin disk of bright metal sunken into the opposite side. This metal was like a silver mirror, and was about as large around as the bottom of a tumbler. I asked Mr. Bell what it was, and he told me that it was the instrument with which he discovered that he could talk from one point to another through the medium of a supheam or in other words could seed sound along a ray of light without the aid of the electric wire. ment and put the tube to his mouth, holding the mirror so that it caught the sun, and cast a little shadow-disk of light on the opposite wall. Then by breathing slightly he made this shadow increase and diminish and go is to all formers. ly he made this shadow increase and di-minish and go into all forms of shape by the action of his breath against the mir-ror diaphragm. "That shows you," said he, "how the action of the diaphragm is carried along that ray. Now, if you will put a little bottle with some soot in it where that shadow is on the wall, and speak into the tube, you will find that the sound will travel along that ray of light, and by having a receiver connected with the bottle, one would be able to hear what you were saying. We have spoken by this you were saying. We have spoken by this means to and from points 200 yards apart, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that speech may be sent along a beam of light for great distances. In our experiment in this we first used selenium, a very are substance, and very constitute to light. rare substance, and very sensitive to light. We have found, however, that we can produce very good results with common soot, and discoveries may yet be made which will make such an invention commercially practicable."

Mr. Bell's Habits of Work.

Upon the back of this board I read the record of the invention, stating the time when it was discovered, and signed by Alexander Graham Bell and Sumner Tain ter. As I looked at it I asked Mr. Bell as to whether he always recorded a discovto whether he always recorded a discovery as soon as it was made, and told him of a recent interview which I had with Mr. Charles Brush, the inventor of the electrical light, in which he told me that such records had proved to be of enormous value to him.

Mr. Bell replied that he tried to do so, but the excitement at the moment of discovery was so great that he often forgot it. He carries on all his investigations at

He carries on all his investigation He carries on all his investigations at night, beginning in the evening, and seldom going to bed before 4 o'clock in the morning. He leads, in fact, two lives—one by day, that of the ordinary man, and another by night, that of the inventor. He finds the quiet of the night conducive to study, and that his sleep from 4 a.m. until 11 is amply sufficient to keep him in good health, and as restful as that which other men take in the dark men take in the dark FRANK G. CARPENTER.

HOME AGAIN.

